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NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

SHAPE and its Shapers

J. BRYAN, III

Lebanon as Key

AN EDITORIAL

Summer Books Reviewed by

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · JAMES BURNHAM · ROBERT PHELPS
B. S. YAMEY · ROBERT J. NEEDLES · DAVID N. ROWE

Sherman Adams and Guilt by Presumption

L. BRENT BOZELL

For the Record

The abrupt Soviet announcement that Premier Nagy and other leaders of the Hungarian revolt had been executed has provoked angry remonstrances here and abroad. But skeptics doubt that it will have any long-range effect on State Department planning for a summit conference. . . . Hours after Soviet Ambassador Menshikov denied any knowledge of Soviet attempts to jam out broadcasts of Radio Liberation, Menshikov received a present from the American Committee for Liberation. It was a tape recording of the various sounds produced by Soviet "jammers."

What nation has the highest per capita indebtedness in the world? The United States, with a per capita debt of $1,591. Great Britain is close behind with a debt of $1,496, with all other nations far below. . . . Nearly 500 Hungarians who fled during the revolution have gone back. Intelligence agents are checking into how many of them were Soviet agents returning, missions accomplished.

For days, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation implored Judge Robert Morris, former Counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, to appear on a "Meet the Press" type of show and discuss the case of Herbert Norman, who committed suicide in Cairo last year. Forty-eight hours after Morris agreed to appear, the Canadian government announced that the program had been cancelled — that the invitation had been an error in judgment. No one advised Morris of the cancellation until twenty-four hours before broadcast-time.

Eugene Lyons, in a speech to the Advertising Club of Springfield, Massachusetts, pointed out that the Okhrana, the dreaded political police of the Russian Czars, numbered four to five thousand men at most. The Soviet Union has a secret police force of close to two million. . . . Far East military commanders are concerned over the increase in clashes between North and South Korean patrol boats. . . . About 100 refugees from Red China still reach Macao every month. The refugees complain that they were not receiving enough food to stay alive. Free China forces on Formosa are stepping up their air drops of rice packets to the hungry mainlanders. . . . Even proponents concede there is little hope for passage of the Forand Bill to provide free hospital and surgical care for retired persons receiving social security.

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EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Suzanne La Follette
Frank S. Meyer

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES

Maureen L. Buckley — Priscilla L. Buckley
Jonathan Mitchell — Morrie Ryskind

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, John Abbot Clark, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Max Eastman, Medford Evans, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune — *Madrid*: J. Dervin
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except for Christmas week, and fortnightly during July and August, by National Weekly, Inc.

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Second-class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.

EDITORIAL AND SUBSCRIPTION OFFICES:
211 East 37th St.
New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone MUrray Hill 2-0941

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE, CONN.

RATES: Twenty-five cents a copy, $8.00 a year, $15.00 for two years. Foreign: $10.00 a year; Canada, $9.00 a year.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

The WEEK

● The Swiss parliament has approved a constitutional amendment granting women the right to vote for the first time in Swiss history. But the vote was so close that the amendment, to become law, must first be approved by a national all-male referendum, an eventuality which our Helvetian expert informs us is extremely unlikely. Well, he may be right. But we can't help thinking that if Swiss suffragettes are worthy of the name, a lot of Swiss fathers, husbands and brothers will spend the next few months finding out what armed neutrality really means.

● Senator William F. Knowland has declined to be thrown on the defensive by the results of the California primary, in which Attorney General Pat Brown, his Democratic opponent for the governorship, ran far ahead in total popular vote. Mr. Knowland promised a party strategy meeting that, with Congress in adjournment, he would wage a full-time "aggressive" campaign with Mr. Brown the head-on target. Disregarding the advice of the Modern Republicans, he pledged that "voluntary and democratic unionism," right-to-work and all, would continue to be a key issue.

● If one segment of the British Labor Party has its way, any future war that England may win, will not have been won on the playing fields of Eton because Eton, like the other famous British "public" schools, will have been swept away in an orgy of "democratization." The "Victory for Socialism" group, as the left-wing party faction calls itself, has come out for the immediate abolition of all private and independent schools, a step still too drastic to be swallowed by the party leadership. After all, they must reason, why get into a nasty row, when the thing will work itself out? With the Welfare State's income tax already limiting after-tax income to a maximum of £5,000 ($14,000), how many Englishmen will be able to scrape together the tuition ten years from now, in any case?

● Slowly, almost imperceptibly, opinion is swayed. Americans who, as recently as four years ago, wanted nothing to do with Communist China, now believe by and large that U.S. recognition of Peiping and Red China's admission to the United Nations are "inevitable"; *que serà, serà*, not today, or tomorrow, but some day. It was therefore heartening last week to hear Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., our chief United Nations delegate, speak out with unusual forthrightness on the subject. Said Lodge: "I will not shrink from using the veto to keep Red China out of the United Nations. There is no point on which I feel more strongly." There could be few more honorable issues for the first United States Security Council veto.

● Colonel Nasser arrived back in Cairo from Moscow and what did he do? He got right to work on a big tourist drawing card, the installation of an escalator in the tomb of Pharaoh Tutankhamen. If it is, as we suspect, for the use of Nikita Khrushchev on a return visit, we hope somebody remembers the last act of *Aida*.

● In Ceylon there has been widespread and violent rioting by the Tamil minority, which comprises about a quarter of the eight million population. The point ostensibly at issue is the Tamil demand that their language should have equal legal status with Sinhalese. In the background, however, is the gradually mounting pressure of an expansive Indian imperialism that is being felt in the South Seas, along the east coast of Africa and even in South America. The Tamils in Ceylon are an overflow from the Tamil community across Polk Strait in south India. Coincidentally with the Tamil riots in Ceylon, a new political group—"Nam Tamizhar"—has been formed on the mainland, with the goal of creating an autonomous Tamil state that would include the Tamil linguistic areas of both India and Ceylon.

● *On the Muse Beat with the Left Wing Press* (from a Theater Column by Richard Watts Jr., in the *New York Post*, Tuesday, June 3, 1958): "Well-wishers for France are bound to be worried by recalling that the overthrow of the Spanish Republic also began with a revolt of reactionary army officers in North Africa . . . It is at least cheering to remember that Gen. de Gaulle is many a cut above the dull and unappetizing Franco . . . But I'd feel much safer if he still had the confidence of Mendès-France . . . A man I'm coming to respect is Gen. Delgado who is challenging the Salazar dictatorship in Portugal . . . Does anyone really feel Trujillo has now been cleared in the Galíndez case?"

● NATIONAL REVIEW votes its annual June Award for Conspicuous Public Sanity to Admiral Lewis Strauss for a new world's record—a college commencement address that makes sense from start to finish. To the graduating seniors of the University of California he issued the warning: "An attempt is being made now to lull us into a conviction that a fundamental change has occurred in the psychology" of

Communism. He denounced Bertrand Russell's call for "surrender in preference to war," and showed that the only "way to peace" is by "peace through strength," a way that "requires firmness to resist the attractive arguments of those who say we can relax our guard, [and] a discriminating ear to recognize the propaganda of the enemy. It also requires," Admiral Strauss concluded, "the stamina to outlast him and to survive the débâcle which will inevitably come to a system which has no roots in morals or in faith."

● A significant evidence of Soviet strategic intentions is provided by the Kremlin's division of the foreign-aid kitty. Currently, Soviet aid is in excess of ours in the case of seven nations: Afghanistan, Burma, Egypt, Indonesia, Nepal, Syria and Yemen.

● In five recent by-elections in Britain, the Conservative Party retained three seats and the Labor Party two, with a recrudescent Liberal Party making some inroads in the votes of both of the major parties. Inasmuch as the Liberals, this time, took more from Labor than they did from the Conservatives, the Macmillan government can feel pretty cheerful about the whole thing. Not only has the swing away from Conservatism been halted, but some chronically anti-Tory British Liberals have signified by their ballots that, though they remain generally on the "left," they are becoming fed up with the regimenting aspects of collectivism. It would probably be too much to hope that England will ever again have *two* major parties dedicated to capitalism. But the present trend might conceivably encourage the Conservatives themselves to be bolder in their opposition to the Welfare State.

● President Sukarno of Indonesia—the combined Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln of his country, according to the press-raves that greeted his visit here two years ago—took time out from his present war against his anti-Communist compatriots to comment on the future. "The new era," he predicted to a cheering throng in Jakarta, "will be marked by socialism . . . and the fall of capitalism . . . which is an historical certainty." He added a usual humanitarian afterthought of the statist ideologue: "Those who cannot understand, or oppose, the trend of the times will be destroyed."

● A special session of the Assembly of Captive European Nations, held at Strasbourg during the last week of April, featured a discussion of Soviet colonialism. A resolution on the economic, social, cultural and political characteristics of Soviet colonial rule stresses the relationship between the Kremlin's campaign to legitimize its East European conquests and its new drive for expansion in Asia and Africa: "The rulers of the Soviet Empire are attempting to consolidate their conquests in Europe and to use them as advance bases for further Communist expansion in Europe and elsewhere. To achieve this the USSR is pressing for Summit talks with the West on the basis of prior recognition by the West of the present status quo in Eastern Europe . . . Any effort by the Western Powers to normalize or improve their relations with the Soviet Union by acquiescing in Moscow's imperialistic conquests in Central and Eastern Europe would sooner or later prove a dangerous illusion for which mankind would have to pay the price of its own freedom."

● Moon, croon, spoon, but alas! no honeymoon in June for 4.2 per cent of marriageable young Americans. Even the marriage market has been recession-bound, with only 8.9 per thousand getting married today as opposed to 9.4 a year ago. Did Cupid, also, forget how to sell in the boom days? or was it just those sacks and chemises the manufacturers put on the 1958 models?

Lebanon as Key

Nasser believes that, with the support of Soviet power and the duped complacency of Washington, he can establish a great Mideastern Arab empire extending into and ultimately dominating Africa.

The Bolsheviks believe—on considerably firmer ground—that by supporting Nasser now they can swallow him tomorrow, and thereby cross the Mideastern land bridge to unite Asia and Africa as the irresistible base of world Soviet rule.

Nasser's first expansive step was Suez. Next came the union of Egypt and Syria in the United Arab Republic. But Syria and Egypt are geographically separated by Israel, and Israel is too hard a nut for an immediate cracking. So Lebanon was marked for the next—the present—phase: Lebanon, with half its people Christian, with its pro-Western government, with one oil channel still outside Nasser's jurisdiction, with its geographical leverage on Israel.

The native Lebanese opposition—egged on, supplied, guided and cumulatively reinforced by Nasser's and Khrushchev's agents—mounted a revolt that was at the same time an international war, to smash the government of Camille Chamoun. From the timing, we may infer that the decision was reached during Nasser's visit to Moscow in early May.

It is Nasser, and Khrushchev through Nasser, who are attacking in Lebanon. Their objectives are to destroy a critical pro-Western enclave, to complete their control of the oil flow from the Mideastern

fields to Europe, to outflank northern Israel, and to deliver a body blow to the morale of the rickety Arab Federation (Iraq-Jordan) and Baghdad Pact. This Lebanese action is the key to the present phase of the ineluctably developing struggle for the Middle East.

It is impossible to save Lebanon—and thus avoid defeat in this perhaps decisive phase—without American intervention. There is just too much force available on the Syrian side of the border for little Lebanon to handle unaided. Our intervention began, indeed, almost at once, with successive deliveries of tanks, ammunition, guns and planes. Quite probably American troops will also be required—unless, that is, we have really adopted Bertrand Russell's new axiom that surrender is always preferable to the risk of war. At the very least we must demonstrate our willingness to send the troops in.

There is, fortunately for the diplomatic mind, a wide choice of formulas to justify action: UN patrol; protection of 4,000 American citizens; NATO obligation; Eisenhower doctrine . . . However, the action, not the formula, will decide the issue; and a delay in action now, or a refusal to act, will only make certain a much dearer and bloodier action to come.

"Raypublics Ar-re Ongrateful"

If Mr. Dooley were still speaking his mind on the course of public affairs, one can imagine his comment on the Sherman Adams case. Sure, he would say (although in better Irish brogue than we can muster), and who would turn down the present of a fine vicuny coat? 'T'would be an insult to the giver, a positive slap in the puss to an old friend. As for livin' free in a hotel in a friend's town, isn't that just like visitin' him in his palatial home? And who would pay a bill for that?

Seriously, Hinnissy (so we can imagine Mr. Dooley continuing his ruminations), seriously, there's somethin' funny about this Sherman Adams business. Here we have a fine old Yankee character, rock-ribbed and all that, who's just exercisin' a bit of Yankee thrift by savin' on his hotel bills and acquirin' a new rug for his living room. In the Gineral's first term, when the shine was still on the apple, t'would have been like Calvin Coolidge takin' the gift of a ten-gallon hat from old Amon Carter of Fort Worth, Texas. Or like Dick Nixon when he kept the pooch.

But now? 'Tis my observation, Hinnissy, that when an Administration begins to lose the favor of the people, nothing it can do is right. Remember New York's Mayor Jimmy Walker? He was always runnin' the city of New York from a night club, takin' his advice on fiscal matters from that iminent accountant, Miss Betty Compton. Before 1929 New Yorkers all loved it, bless them. Jimmy was their boy, and their darlin'. But after 1929 it didn't seem right to see Jimmy livin' on champagne and holdin' his accountant's hand in public. Old Judge Seabury had been borin' everybody since he was in knee pants by goin' on about Tammany Hall. But when Jimmy lost his magic, the Judge was all of a sudden the very voice of the public conscience.

It's always that way, Hinnissy. When the frost is on the pumpkin, the hosts of righteousness gather, and the rats leave the ship. The ins is on the way out. Old Sherm Adams may have got his hotel bills free. But he'll never make it as Ambassador to Canada, where he might have put up at the Chateau Frontenac, courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

And in another year, Hinnissy, they'll be gettin' at Ike through some other character who wouldn't insult an old Idaho friend by turnin' down a sack of potatoes and a week's free vacation at a dude ranch.

Preparing the Summit

Comment has not sufficiently stressed the inconsiderateness, the sheer boorishness of the Hungarians' 1956 revolt. Think of it from the Kremlin's side. It was almost as if the Hungarians were calling Khrushchev & Co. a bunch of liars for their talk about popular democracy, peace and progress in Eastern Europe. Why, anyone reading the accounts of the Hungarian workers and students in those days might imagine that Hungarians don't like *either* Communism *or* Russians!

Then, how rude to embarrass President Eisenhower like that! You might suppose that the Hungarians went out of their way to prove that American guff about freedom and liberation is nothing but hypocrisy.

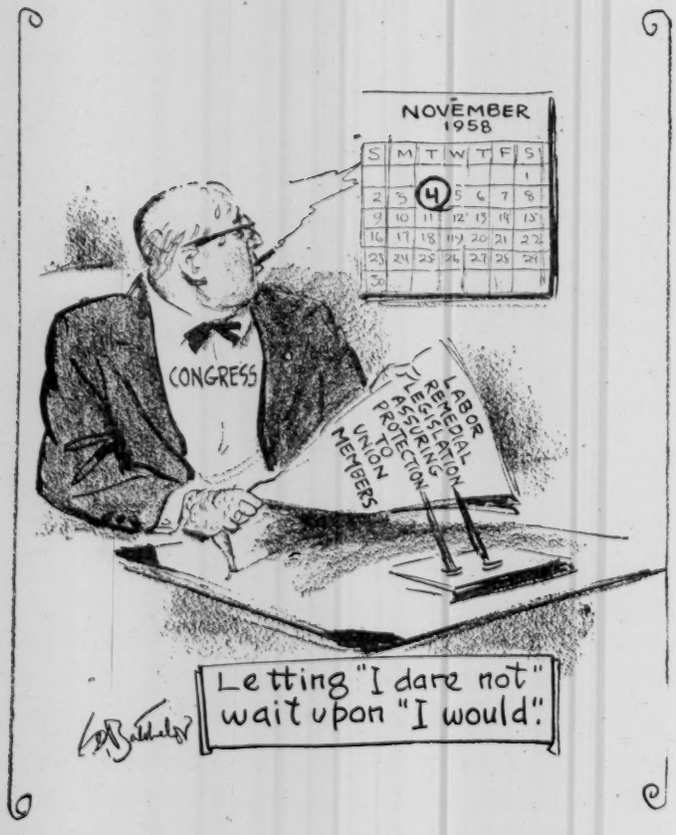
And think what a monkey wrench the Hungarian revolt was in the wheels of international relations. You wouldn't call a revolt a sensible way to "reduce tensions," now would you? If the Hungarians had kept quiet in 1956 we could have had at least *three* first-class summit meetings by now. But the revolt jammed up the mechanism. The noise of those Soviet tanks somehow made the wrong kind of background music. And there were live bodies strewn around the wings that might have popped up, by proxy, at the conference table: including, awkwardly enough, those of the Premier and Defense Minister of the free Hungarian government that was dismissed from office by the votes of the Soviet guns.

Khrushchev is a tidy stage manager. He saw the problem, give him credit, and he took the steps to solve it. The Hungarian revolution had to be eliminated from the historical record. Generally speak-

ing, he could count on 100 per cent cooperation on that job, from both East and West: no one in Washington or London or Paris, certainly, wanted those old coals raked over! But you could hardly expect a really untense get-together at the summit if Imre Nagy, Pal Maleter and their fellow-criminals were still on deck. So Khrushchev has obligingly taken care of that point also. We can be sure that Nagy and Maleter won't be telling any tales out of turn.

To make sure that everyone would get the point, the announcement of the executions was made from Moscow, not Budapest, on June 16. When it came over the wires, as it happened, John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, and his brother Allen W. Dulles, chief of CIA, were attending a gala Washington performance of the Moiseyev Soviet dance company. The report was brought to the Dulles brothers during the intermission, while the Secretary was posing for smiling photographs with the dancers and director Moiseyev. Happily, the news does not seem to have disturbed the progress of so pleasant an evening. The photographing was completed—several poses were internationally published during the next couple of days. The heads of our foreign office and our intelligence service then returned to their seats to applaud the second half of the show. "I think this example—of people from one country getting happiness by giving happiness to others—should convince us we would all be well advised to carry it out on a broader basis," remarked Secretary Dulles to beaming Bolshevik Igor Moiseyev—referring to the night's dancing, we presume, not its shooting.

With Nagy and Maleter thus cleared out of the way, and Lewis Strauss (who might have made trouble about those nasty tests) dumped as of July 1, we can see no further obstacle to a really fruitful summit meeting. (By "fruitful" we naturally mean one that will satisfy the Kremlin.) Why not set the opening session for November 4, the second anniversary of the day on which the peaceful Soviet tank corps returned to liberate the Hungarian people from the grip of the fascists, terrorists and imperialist provocateurs led by Imre Nagy and Pal Maleter?



Half a Step Forward

When the Kennedy-Ives Labor Bill first emerged from subcommittee to the floor of the Senate, it encountered the monumental indignation of Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell. The Secretary argued that, as tentatively drafted, the bill would permit the concealment of "paper locals" of the type that has been useful in keeping the likes of Jimmy Hoffa in power. It would also, Mr. Mitchell argued, force union members to go to Washington for information which they now get from union officials, and would prevent members from petitioning state and federal courts to enforce their rights.

The Secretary's blast seems to have had a desirable effect. As passed 88-1 in the Senate, the revised bill no longer automatically exempts unions with fewer than 200 members and less than $25,000 annual income. It provides that any union member may sue to recover for the union any property or funds stolen by an officer, and it prohibits union loans of more than $1,500 to union officials. Other provisions prohibit the use of union funds to promote individual candidates for union office, and compel secret votes for new international union officers at least every four years.

A prime defect of the revised bill is that it adds to union shop compulsions in the construction industry. At present, the Taft-Hartley Act allows a man in a union shop industry to work for thirty days before he is compelled to join the union or quit. The Kennedy-Ives Bill shortens the period of grace from thirty to seven days for construction workers. Thus, instead of moving in a right-to-work direction, the Kennedy-Ives legislation shifts further away from it. Senator McClellan tried his best to have this provision stricken from the bill, calling it a "regression from democracy," but his proposed amendment was rejected, 60-29.

The bill, as it goes to the House, is probably the best compromise that can be expected. It is still a long way short of freeing the American worker from the compulsion to please a union boss before he can get a job.

In Restraint of Trade

After nine months of it, the Bartlesville, Oklahoma, experiment in pay-as-you-see, or toll, TV, has folded. At $9.50 a month (later reduced to $4.50), the charge for receiving approximately a film a day over a wired system connecting the home TV set with the central broadcasting station, the Bartlesville project simply failed to pack them in.

This collapse of a brave experiment offers an ironic commentary on the pusillanimity, the craven dog-in-the-manger attitude, of the Federal Communications Commission, the owners of the Big-Time TV networks and their partisans in Congress. For years these quaking souls have combined to prevent a true test of pay-as-you-see TV conducted over the air without benefit of studio-to-home wiring. Vocal idolators of Free Enterprise in the abstract, the TV networks have been unwilling to let the public decide for itself whether it prefers to pay for its television entertainment by subscription or by letting the advertiser pick up the tab (in which case the charge is simply added into the sales price of goods).

Now it appears that the public—or at least the part of it that lives in Bartlesville—prefers to get its TV movies free. The network people, the FCC and their friends in Congress, may have been shivering in their boots all these years over an empty threat. The principle, nevertheless, remains: if Congress believes in its own Sherman Anti-Trust Act it should proclaim to the world that anyone is free to try the Bartlesville experiment again, this time without the necessity of wiring a whole town. As for the FCC, it should go back to its proper function of allocating wave lengths. The financing of TV programs is none of its business.

Speak up, Please, Mr. McCone

Let's just list the bare facts:

1) The central slogan of Soviet world propaganda is: *Stop Nuclear Tests.*

2) Admiral Lewis Strauss, current (until June 30) Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, has fought to his (political) death against stopping nuclear tests, continuation of which he holds to be essential to America's security and survival.

3) Senator Clinton P. Anderson has led the (successful) battle to block Admiral Strauss' renomination. Senator Anderson's latest newsletter to constituents began: "My office telephone rang merrily last week when the news came out that Admiral Strauss would not be reappointed to the Atomic Energy Commission."

4) Professor Linus Pauling, a fellow-traveler with a record of supporting more than five dozen pro-Soviet causes, is the most conspicuous leader in this country of the campaign to stop nuclear tests.

5) Senator Anderson has (successfully) stalled all attempts to call Prof. Pauling to testify before a Senate committee on his nuclear doings.

6) Prof. Pauling is a member in good standing of the faculty of California Institute of Technology, where his views, far from unique on that campus, have caused him no discernible inconvenience.

7) John A. McCone, nominated by President Eisenhower to replace Admiral Strauss on the AEC, is a trustee of California Institute of Technology.

8) There is no record we have seen of any public comment by Mr. McCone on the conduct of Prof. Pauling, although this would seem to fall within the area of his concern and competence as a trustee—and thus, in the eyes of the public, a guarantor—of the institution of which Prof. Pauling is so conspicuous a senior officer.

We believe that there should be such a comment, very public. We suggest that the proper place to get it would be in the Senate hearings on Mr. McCone's confirmation. While they are at it, the Senators might also check on how Mr. McCone stands on the case of Robert Oppenheimer, who is a great favorite of the Caltech scientific crowd.

Our Contributors: J. BRYAN, III ("SHAPE and its Shapers"), former newspaper reporter and magazine editor, is now a free-lance contributor to various magazines. He finished World War Two as a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy, but is now a Colonel in the Air Force Reserve, and has served several tours of duty at SHAPE. . . . ROBERT PHELPS ("What is a Good Novel?") is a regular contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW. His first novel, *Heroes and Orators,* is scheduled for September publication by McDowell, Obolensky. . . . B. S. YAMEY ("Economy without Miracle") teaches at the London School of Economics. He is co-author with P. T. Bauer of *The Economics of Underdeveloped Countries.* . . . ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M.D. ("Krebiozen—and Common Sense") writes for general as well as medical magazines (see NATIONAL REVIEW, Feb. 16, 1957). He is the author of *A Primer for Coronary Patients.* . . . DAVID N. ROWE ("A Man in a Muddle") is Professor of Political Science at Yale. Born in China, he is a specialist on the Far East and author of *China Among the Powers.*

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Sherman Adams and Guilt by Presumption

One is tempted to let *any* knife found in the back of Sherman Adams stay there. But there are some things for which Adams should not be made to suffer—should not, if only because they bear on matters of greater national importance than according to Mr. Adams his just deserts. Such a matter is the phony code of public morality, created in part by Adams himself, and now invoked by the Committee on Legislative Oversight and a majority of the nation's press corps to cut him down.

Question: Does any one of Adams' assailants seriously suppose that he phoned the FTC *because* Bernie Goldfine footed a couple of hotel bills and gave him a vicuña coat? Or, to put it another way, that Adams would have refused to make the calls had it not been for the gifts?

Question: Had there been no gifts, had there been only the phone calls, would Adams have come under fire?

The answer to both questions is, no. The first because not a scintilla of direct evidence supports the conclusion, and because Adams has an unchallenged reputation for personal incorruptibility. The second because such phone calls are a part of every public official's daily life in Washington—indeed, may be a private citizen's only means of access to the bureaucracy. Yet the two things together, the gifts and the phone calls, add up to *an appearance* of impropriety. And it is appearances that matter under the current code of morality, not realities. The result is that a valuable public servant—for purposes of the argument let us suppose Adams to be that—is discredited and asked to withdraw.

The "appearance" test bears some scrutiny. It is obvious that the appearance of a transaction is a function, not only of the transaction, but of the minds of the people who judge it. In this case, the transaction itself demonstrates no evil; consequently, an "appearance of evil" would have to originate with inordinately suspicious onlookers, with people who indulge, in effect, a presumption of corruptibility with regard to their public officials. And the question arises as to whether our code of public ethics should be based on distrust and suspicion of our officials—whether our definition of dirty politics, that is to say, should be determined by dirty minds.

It is said that Adams must have known that a call from the White House would get results, whether or not he specifically asked for favors for Goldfine. Of course he knew. But why assume that apprising the FTC of White House interest in the case was intended to impede justice? The fair assumption is that Adams thought a word from him would abet justice. The fair assumption is that this is what every Congressman and Senator thinks when he calls an agency—as he does at least once a day—on behalf of a constituent. Perhaps, however, Adams was wrong—perhaps Goldfine was already getting justice from the FTC. In that case, the fair assumption is that the members of the FTC would have disregarded the word from Adams.

This last, it will be objected, is a quixotic view of bureaucratic behavior. All right; but if the charge of corruption is to stand, and Adams' good intentions are conceded, the objection is another way of saying that the members of the Federal Trade Commission are corruptible, *and were presumably corrupted in this case*. In other words, if one grants that Adams was free of corrupt intent—that he did not ask the FTC to give Goldfine a better deal than he deserved—any insinuation of corruption arising out of the transaction becomes, by process of elimination, an insinuation of corruption against the members of the FTC. No one, however, is asking that the Commissioners resign.

Now, once again, should gifts make the difference? Should the receipt of favors from private citizens who stand to be affected by government activity give rise to a presumption of guilt on the part of the public officials who receive them? There is one practical reason why this should not be so: it would require the investiture of an entirely new Congress and a largely new executive bureaucracy in order to purge the evil. A second reason follows from this: precisely because the practice is so common, the giving and receiving of favors is not nearly as significant to either the donee or donor as many people assume. Senator A accepts a ride in a private plane to an industrialist's or labor leader's vacation haunt as a matter of course; he does not expect to be called upon to vote for his benefactor's favorite legislation when he gets back. Nor, ordinarily, does the benefactor expect to gain anything beyond a sympathetic hearing of his point of view. Especially is this true when the relationship, as with Adams and Goldfine, is an old one. More often than not, the donor's chief interest is association and ingratiation with men of fame and prestige.

There is a further reason, having to do with "justice for the individual," for resisting the presumption of guilt in cases of this kind. The argument is familiar enough—we all learned it by heart during the McCarthy era from many of the same people who are now showing Adams no quarter. It is one thing, however, to require public officials to establish their loyalty beyond reasonable suspicion: the nation's safety depends on it. To discredit a Sherman Adams, and to send him packing, on the strength of a mere suspicion, is less easy to justify in terms of the public need. "Public confidence in Mr. Adams is shaken"? And unless something is done, "public confidence in the Eisenhower Administration will be shaken"? Perhaps; but this is because our political parties and our press feed on a taste of scandal and make it their business to shake public confidence in such matters. They are enforcing the code, and the code, I am saying, is unrealistic and unjust—a judgment not affected at all by the fact that Sherman Adams helped write it.

SHAPE and its Shapers

Fifteen flags in the wind; a vast building housing "some of the best military brains in the world" and a polyglot personnel displaying an infinite variety of uniforms and medals; such is NATO Headquarters

J. BRYAN, III

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization—NATO—is an alliance of 15 nations, "determined to safeguard the freedom, common heritage, and civilization of their peoples, founded on the principles of democracy, individual liberty, and the rule of the law." To this end, the nations contributed men and machines to a common arsenal, Allied Command Europe—ACE. They chose a Supreme Commander Europe—SACEUR. And they installed his command in a Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe—SHAPE.

The strongest impression that SHAPE gives a newcomer is that it is truly international. You receive it as you turn off the Autoroute, eight miles west of Paris, and halfway up a gentle ramp, with SHAPE itself still out of sight over the crest, your eye is caught by a panache of flags—red, white, blue, black, yellow, green—all of a size and height, all bravely streaming.

The present SACEUR—General Lauris Norstad, USAF—once began a speech with an eloquent reference to these flags. "Few sights are more beautiful than a flag in the wind," he said. "Fifteen flags, all different, is a sight to stir one's soul. Mine is daily stirred by the flags of the fifteen nations that constitute NATO. Every morning, they climb their staffs in front of SHAPE and take the winds of France. If I were conducting a tour of Paris, I would make these flags my climax, and I would say in all sincerity, 'Ladies and gentlemen, you are looking at the hope of the western world!' "

They are well worth the look. You are at SHAPE's entrance now and you see that the 15 staffs form a semicircle, enclosing two others: at the center, NATO's flag (white compass-rose on dark blue), and beyond it, over the roof-tree, SHAPE's (wreath and crossed swords in gold on green). But the 15 national flags: you have just time to notice their order—Germany, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, United States, Greece, France, Iceland, Italy, Luxemburg, Norway, Netherlands, Portugal, United Kingdom, Turkey—and to wonder if it *is* an order, when a major, U.S. Army, introduces himself as your escort, and leads you up the low, wide steps, into the low, wide building.

Confronting you is the Security Desk, manned by French, British and American guards. One of them examines your credentials and issues you a pass, after reminding the major that he must *never* leave your side. A red-capped British M.P., his visor flat against the bridge of his nose, checks the pass and waves you on. Ahead is a bank of glass doors, and through them a corridor that dwindles in the distance.

"General Norstad is briefing a group of German industrialists right now," the major said. "We'll drop by his office after a bit and see if he can give us a few minutes. Meanwhile, how about a tour of the shop?"

Alphabetical Beehive

The ground plan of SHAPE resembles a section of railroad track. You are now in one of the two main corridors, which run parallel. Crossing them are nine narrower passageways. Both sides of the passageways are lined with "facilities" and offices; and here work SHAPE's 200 civilians, 400 officers and 200 enlisted men, from 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. (and often much later), with a half-day on Saturday.

The facilities include a barber shop, a laundry, a canteen, three post offices, a PX, a library and others. The offices include conference rooms, the top-secret War Room, an auditorium, a press correspondents' room, and just plain offices, in some one of which, the major points out, are two of the most critical and precious papers in the world: SACEUR's Order of Battle and his Plan of Defense. The only others of comparable importance are their opposite numbers in the Kremlin, and perhaps the blueprints—wherever they may be—of a new nightmare weapon.

You are also in the immediate neighborhood of some of the world's finest military brains: General Norstad himself; his Deputy, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein; his Chief of Staff, General Cortlandt Van Renssalaer Schuyler, USA; his Naval Deputy, Admiral Antoine L. M. Sala, of France; his Air Deputy, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Constantine, RAF; and their staffs.

The walls of your corridor are hung with brilliant scutcheons. "Those? They're divisions assigned to ACE," the major said. "Beautiful, some of them, aren't they?"

Indeed they are: France's 25th Airborne (silver parachute on red and gold), the Netherlands' 4th Infantry, Active (green shamrock on black), the Danish Contingent in Germany (white cross on red), Belgium's 1st Armored (lion's head, on red and black), the U.S.'s 10th Infantry (white crossed skis on blue), the United Kingdom's 7th Armored—the deathless "Desert Rats" (pink kangaroo on black), Canada's 1st Infantry (solid red), Greece's 7th Infantry (white helmet on pale blue) and a dozen more, their designs like battle-flags, and their names like trumpet-calls.

The major nudges you into one of the passageways and shuttles you

back and forth past doors that display those hideous and impenetrable agglutinations so beloved of the military: DCPANDP, PSO to DSACEUR, ODCLA, OANDT NAVY. . . . The major stops at this last and points to the names under it: Capt. N. Foresi, It. N.; Cdr. N. Heisterberg, Dan. N.; Miss C. Baber, Br. Civ.

"SHAPE in miniature," he said, "Somebody described us as the only outfit on earth where the same office will spell it c, e, n, t, e, r and c, e, n, t, r, e. If you've got any lingering doubt about how international we are,"—he stepped into an office and came out with a SHAPE telephone directory—"open it anywhere and pick a series of names at random." The series was:

Allen, Richard M Col (UK Army)
Amy, Edward A Lt Col (Can Army)
Anderson, Charles H Maj Gen (USAF)
Anderson, Robt H Jr 2nd Lt (USA)
Andreassen, Jorgen Lt Col (Den Army)
Anemaet, Ricardo A Col (R Neth AF)
Annis, Edward S Sqn Ldr (RCAF)
Arbouzis, Dionyssios G Lt Col (Gr Army)

He returned the directory and glanced at his wristwatch. "We're still too early for the General. Come on to my office, and we'll kill time with some coffee."

Super-Publicist

Over the cups, he talked about the Supreme Commanders. SHAPE has had four in its nine-year history, and the major knew them all. General Eisenhower, for whom the post was created, brought to it his cordial personality and enormous prestige, which shrewd statesmen exploited to help coax, bully and shame reluctant NATO nations into making the necessary commitments and later into keeping them. General Ridgway came directly from Korea and Japan, and acted as if he still had those grenades taped to his battle-jacket. SHAPE rarely mentions his name. General Gruenther is gone, too, but his memory will long be green . . .

Gruenther's greatest service, the major continued, was to make the name of NATO (and incidentally his own) a household word in Europe. He did it with skill and with force. He did it dramatically, even flamboyantly.

Example 1: When he briefed a group of visitors, he would stand with his back to the map and—over his shoulder, without turning his head—put his finger precisely on the area under discussion.

Example 2: At SHAPE's annual Christmas party, he handed out presents to children of the junior officers and non-coms. Three months later he was introduced to a Signora Ravelli, say, the wife of an Italian Army corporal. At once he flashed his famous smile: "Does your little Giovanni still like his red truck? Fine! Fine!" Similarly for Frau Müller, Madame Dupont and the rest.

Example 3: On NATO's anniversary, April 2, SHAPE holds a ceremony, with the press in attendance. The climax is when contingents from the NATO countries dip their colors in turn. In 1955, as each contingent reported, Gruenther replied to them in their native language.

"*Sure* it was theatrical," the major said. "Sure it was! But it got results. Europe began to ask, 'What is this NATO? Who is this Gruenther?' And the better NATO became known, the better support it won. His technique was fabulous—"

Part of it was a steel-grip memory. Part was a fine-screen scrutiny of minutiae. But a large part was the work of his staff. It was their scouting and briefing, their stealthy notes and whispered tips, that backstopped the spectacular memory and wingshot the escaping detail. To keep them on their toes, he roweled them like a *vaquero*, he knouted them like a Cossack. The implacable ferocity of his drive nearly killed some of them. Two went on the sick list with certified exhaustion. One used to stop his car halfway to SHAPE every morning and throw up, from fatigue and apprehension. Another gained back fourteen pounds in the first six weeks after Gruenther left.

Gruenthergrams

There was no rest, no reprieve. They were on duty—on instant call—every second of the twenty-four hours. "He used to nail 'em at home by phone, in the middle of dinner, in the middle of the night, any time at all. But in the office, it was the buzzer and the Gruenthergram—What? Hold on: one of his former aides is still around. He may have kept some as souvenirs."

He dialed, and asked "Charlie" if he still had any "G-grams": "You have? Would you mind bringing 'em over for a minute?"

Charlie, a lieutenant colonel USAF, jumped into the conversation without a warm-up: "The buzzer was the worst. He was the only man I ever saw who could get *personality* into a buzzer. You could tell how mad he was from the way he pushed the button. No, he wasn't *always* mad. Sometimes he was *furious!* When we heard that buzzer, we knew we had exactly five seconds to get into his office. There wasn't one of us who hadn't rather step into the cobra pit at a snake farm. But that buzzer was Gabriel's horn: when it sounded off, you *jumped!*

"As soon as you stuck your head in, your first glance gave you all your flight data. If he was grinding his teeth and ploughing furrows—he was also the only man who could plough furrows with his fingernails in a glass-top desk—if he was doing *that,* it was Katy-bar-the-door. Brother, you were *for* it, and you started searching your conscience. He chewed out the Secretary of the Staff one morning—a colonel—because some flag out front was upside down—Italy, maybe, which you couldn't tell unless you looked close. The Old Man yelled, 'Why didn't you spot it when you came in and fix it *at once*? Why? *Answer* me!'

"Sam answered him, all right. He said, 'Sir, when *I* come in, those flags aren't even up yet!'

"Every now and then you'd answer the buzzer, and he wouldn't even

notice you. When that happened, there was sure to be a G-gram on the desk near his right elbow, and you'd try to whisk it away and get out again before he sprang the length of his chain and sank his fangs in you. I've kept a couple of 'em. Here—"

He handed over a slip of paper. Under the printed SHAPE heading was scribbled, "Col W. Cig lighter never lights never cigs in box work out an inspection system G." Another read, "Col K World wd not come to end if I did not see this unimp paper the day I get home esp when I have to lv on fol day please! please! please! G."

"These are milk-and-water ones," Charlie said. "When he was in top form, he should've written on asbestos. He once sent out 76 G-grams —I counted 'em myself—in a single day, and a major on the staff once got 28 between ten a.m. and noon. That's one almost every four minutes for one guy alone! I tell you, that goddam buzzer was red-hot before the day was over!"

He quickly became serious. "Gruenther may not have been a great SACEUR, but he was a great PIO [Public Information Officer] for NATO, and thanks to that, he made it easier for the SACEURS who come after him to be great ones. Believe it or not, I'd be happy to work for the old devil again."

He rapped his knuckles on the chair-arm, peered behind him, jumped up, and rushed out, moaning, *"What* am I saying? Have I gone *nuts?"*

Dizzying Variety

SACEUR's offices occupy four rooms at the south end of passageway four. The drawbridge and portcullis are guarded by his French aide, a Navy *lieutenant de vaisseau,* and his American secretary, a U.S. WAF master sergeant. She and the major bent over an appointment pad. Presently he reported, "He's tied up tight until after lunch—some high brass dropped in unexpectedly—but if we'll come back around one-thirty, perhaps she can work us in. OK? Then let's go get a bite ourselves."

In the passageway, a tide of civilians and military, officers and enlisted, is flowing out of the doors, down the corridors and toward the messes. The bar, en route, filters off a good half of the officers; here, nursing your drink, you get your first view of SHAPE's wardrobe in its dizzying variety of blouses and battlejackets, trousers and "trews," breeches and kilts; tam o'shanters, caps and berets; lanyards, fourragères and "flashes" (an identifying name or initials on a strip at the top of the sleeve); collar-tabs and shoulder-boards; stars and stripes; wings, anchors, dolphins and parachutes . . .

"How many?" the major repeated. "Lord only knows! Let's see: Iceland has no armed forces; Portugal has no mission at SHAPE; and Luxemburg's consists of only one officer and one sergeant. Give the remaining countries three uniforms each—army, navy, air force—plus a sprinkling of marines, and you have roughly forty basics. Of course, a lot of them are almost identical: RAF and RCAF, for instance, and USN and the German Navy. Yes, sounds surprising, I know, but the only difference—buttons aside—is that the Germans' braid is slightly higher on the cuff than ours, and their star stands on two points instead of one. On the other hand, there's no end to the different flashes. You can probably count half a dozen at the bar this minute."

He was right. Two "DCLI's" (Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry), a "5th Air Force" and two *"Türkiye"* were shooting poker-dice. Next to them, a "Middlesex" and an "RASC" (Royal Army Service Corps) were joking with a *"Je Maintiendrai"* (Netherlands). And further along were a *"Rhin et Danube"* (France), a Norwegian flag, a "Devon," and so on.

The SHAPE mess had a "dining-in" night last November, on Field Marshal Montgomery's birthday, and the officers wore their medals and dress uniforms in his honor. "Monty," as all SHAPE thinks of him, said, in reply to a toast, "As I look around me, nearly every uniform I see belongs to a nation that England has fought at one time or another, and perhaps will fight again. However, we are all professional soldiers here, and there is no reason why we shouldn't get along together meanwhile." What you saw in the bar—and now are seeing in the mess—suggests that they get along together excellently.

A British officer once wrote in the SHAPE mess-book, "The eggs were not fresh today," and wrote it for 60 consecutive mess-days. (On the 61st he wrote, "The eggs were fresh today.") To French irritation, the mess is run by the British NAAFI (Navy, Army, Air Force Institute) instead of by local caterers. So a meal there, though no worse than one at the average American mess, is not an end in itself; rather, it is an opportunity for further fraternization and instruction. If you're lunching alone, you freely ask leave to use an empty chair at any table. Everyone speaks English or French of a sort, and you're quickly folded into the conversation.

Stellar Attraction

You would be wise, the major warned, not even to attempt to identify the spectrum of ribbons around you. Every medal awarded in NATO, plus a good many others, can doubtless be found in this room—from mere gauds and hush-dears all the way up to Victoria Crosses and Medals of Honor. SHAPE's most gorgeous ribbon-counter is Monty's chest, which shames a Turner sunset. Thirty-eight of them nestle there, including the Order of Suvorov (USSR), the Seal of Solomon (Ethiopia), and the European Theater of Operations (US) with five battle-stars—Ike's own ribbon, which he gave Monty in exchange for the British equivalent. Not only for his rainbow is Monty the stellar attraction of the mess. General Norstad doesn't eat here (more's the pity; the lower echelons never see him, ex-

cept by chance), and General Schuyler and Admiral Sala eat here rarely. But Monty, pink and brisk, is often at his corner table, there—his unmistakably, because it's the only one in the mess with neither wineglass nor ashtray ever to be found on it.

Whether Monty is one of the dozen, half-dozen or three most famous living soldiers can be argued all day. But there is no argument whatever about his being the most famous expert on troop-training (nearly every army staff in NATO consults him). Nor about his being the most famous ascetic, as far as drinking and smoking go.

Now seventy, he will retire as General Norstad's deputy this fall, and General Sir Richard Gale will succeed him (by unwritten international agreement, SACEUR is an American, DSACEUR a Britisher). In recent years—the major went on—Monty's main responsibility has been conducting SHAPE's annual Command Post Exercise. CPX's are his specialty, and he runs them like a ringmaster. Although his audience includes such dignitaries as the ambassadors to NATO and the NATO nations' chiefs of staff, Monty doesn't hesitate to announce, "You may now cough for one minute, after which there will be no more coughing!"

His conviction that the big-gun navy is obsolete, and his contempt for its advocates, often lead him into mischief. At one CPX, before explaining the navies' role in a certain problem, he donned a "scrambled-eggs" cap, introduced himself as "Fleet Admiral Montgomery," and danced a little hornpipe to prove it. Again, he declared that "The best thing we can do with all these NATO admirals is put them on one of their battleships and sink it to block the Turkish Straits."

Statesman in Uniform

Promptly at one-thirty, the French aide opened the door of the inner office, and General Norstad rose from his desk and came forward. He is slim and boyish, his hair ash-blonde, his handsome face unlined, his shoulders almost frail for the burden of those four stars. His uniforms, Italian-made, are so immaculate he could wear them at an operating table; so crisp they seem made of parchment. As Ogden Nash might put it,

A wrinkle
Is unthinkle.

Just below his ribbons and command-pilot's wings is a small green enamel shield—SHAPE's crossed-swords emblem, repeated from its flag, with the motto, *Vigilia Pretium Libertatis.*

Norstad is young for his 51 years, younger even than his photographs, youngest of all the SACEURs, youngest and—qualified judges have come to conclude—best. He is best because,

they say, he is ideally equipped for his job. Atop his own native competence are layered years of experience in helping articulate Air Force policy and helping represent it, both formally and informally, before congressional committees, before interservice committees and within the Air Force itself. Atop this rest three-and-a-half years as Gruenther's Air Deputy. Here he familiarized himself with Europe's military establishments, her political problems and her techniques for solving them. He now has a clear focus on the international situation. He knows exactly what his command needs to meet it, and where and how hard to press for it. Circumstances plus natural talent have made him less a general than a statesman, less an organizer and administrator than a high-level negotiator. He could swap his blue cap for a black homburg at a moment's notice and without the slightest hitch.

He talks fluently and earnestly, sometimes with his legs slung over the side of his chair, sometimes rising to pick up a weighted, green-shafted golf club, which he keeps in a corner of his office. Fly-fishing is his hobby, but golf is his passion. His trinity of personal heroes is Ike Eisenhower, Hap Arnold and Ben Hogan. Let that green shaft catch his eye, and he has to handle it, swing it, and tell you about the time he saw Hogan shoot five consecutive birdies at Saint-Germain, or about his theory that you ought to end a full wood shot with your belt-buckle facing the pin.

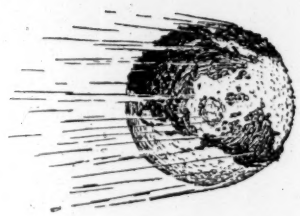
Fourteen pipes sprawl in a bowl on his desk, though he hasn't smoked since September 1956. Still, there is always fresh tobacco in a jar nearby, and he occasionally nibbles a pinch or chews a throat lozenge. If he has been talking NATO, these snack-breaks bring you a distinct easing of pressure, as if someone had dropped his urgent hand from your elbow and let you slip back into your normal amble. Norstad's belief in NATO and SHAPE and the men who run them—"selfless . . . capable . . . cooperative . . . tireless . . . dedicated. . . ."—is almost apostolic. He can no more resist preaching his faith and seeking converts than his audience can resist being caught up and swept along, as much by his earnestness and sincerity as by the force of his arguments. If sincerity has a color, then that is the color of Norstad's aura. And here is another reason—you realize as you leave his office—why "they" acclaim him as ideal for his job, in cynical, skeptical Europe.

"Fine man!" the major said. "Nice to have him on our side, eh?"

Waiting for your car at the main entrance, you make a last attempt to solve the puzzle of the flags: Germany, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, United States, Greece, France, Iceland, Italy, Norway, Netherlands, Portugal, United Kingdom, Turkey. G, B, C, D, U—no, obviously that's not it. What is it, then? The order of their admission to NATO? Alternate democracies and monarchies? Nothing fits. Desperately, as the car drives up, you appeal to the major.

"France is up front, in the middle of the semicircle, because she's the hostess nation," he explained. "The rest are alphabetical. Goodbye! Good luck!"

He sees your bewilderment and calls after the moving car, "Alphabetical, in *French!*"



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

How to Get Dizzy Over Latin America

Let's say you are a responsible citizen doing your best to have "an informed opinion" about the things you are told you ought to have an informed opinion about. Right now you are feeling pretty guilty over Fortress America and Our Southern Neighbors. You did your duty last year with Islam and the Middle East, and you were just settling down with the future of Africa. Then those Nixon rocks jarred you out of your dogmatic slumber. While you were gallivanting at the other side of town, you had lost sight of what was going on in your own block. So you draw up a new reading list, and get to work. After all, a responsible man these days doesn't want to be caught with his opinions down.

Argentina is simple. Juan Perón was a dictator and therefore a bad man, and under him Argentina was a big threat. In 1955 Perón got thrown out, so now Argentina is a democracy and a friend and a bulwark of the free world. No need to spend more time on Argentina.

Next on the alphabetic list comes Bolivia. Bolivia . . . what was it we learned once about Bolivia? No seacoast; three and a quarter million population, seven-eighths Indian or Mestizo; source of almost all our tin and much of our tungsten, antimony, mica; dominated by the 500-mile-long *altiplano,* 80 miles wide, 12,000 feet high—sort of like an enormous natural staging base for jet bombers, or a launching pad for long-range missiles, that *altiplano* . . . How has Bolivia been doing lately?

Salvation from the Left

Just dandy, you will learn from Robert J. Alexander's *Communism in Latin America* (Rutgers, $9.00). So well, in fact, that Bolivia offers the ideal pattern for solving the Latin American problem.

Though the historical and economic background of Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador "should logically give the Communists a considerable opportunity . . . the surprising thing about the situation . . . is that the Communists have made such little headway. The reason for this is that . . . the Communists have been faced with indigenous national revolutionary groups which have taken the lead in the struggle to modernize the economies and politics of their respective nations."

In Bolivia this happy function has been accomplished by the *Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario* under the "brilliant young economist, Víctor Paz Estenssoro" and the progressive, Walter Reutherish Juan Lechín, head of the Mine Workers Federation.

In 1952 the MNR took power, "with the help of the workers of La Paz and the miners from the nearby tin towns." Though a bit unconstitutional, the MNR coup was a friendly affair, we are allowed to infer from the absence in Professor Alexander's account of any mention of the terrorist acts that he freely ascribes to the preceding regimes. Under the MNR's benign direction, there has taken place "a great expansion of the labor movement," an "agrarian reform," a "program of developing Bolivia's agriculture, mining, and industry," etc. "The moderate MNR cut the ground out from under the Communists," and is "laying the foundations for a prosperous and democratic nation."

It looks as if there is nothing to this Latin American problem. All we have to do in each nation is to get behind the local MNR, and our troubles are over.

Communism in Latin America is a great big, expensive, footnoted, subsidized book that has been raptly praised in all major reviews, and is said to be going great guns in the appropriate government offices, so it must be right. Still, it's funny how the picture gets turned upside down when you read Alberto Gutierrez' *The Tragedy of Bolivia* (Devin-Adair, $4.00). Either Señor Gutierrez has a remarkable imagination, or Professor Alexander left out a few facts that would seem relevant to "a balanced view."

Omission or Commission?

As for example: that Lechín, the real master of the MNR, is chief of the Bolivian Trotskyites; that the 1952 revolution was carried through by a united front of the MNR, the Trotskyite and the official Communists; that the program of Lechín's Mine Workers Federation, which he wrote, calls on the workers to "concentrate their attacks ever more intensively on the institution of private property," and declares that "the so-called Good Neighbor Policy, Pan Americanism, etc., are nothing but disguises used by Yankee imperialism"; that the MNR instituted a systematic terror in the totalitarian mode, complete with concentration camps; that it organized workers and peasants into a totalitarian armed militia, and smashed the independence of Church, schools, legislature, judiciary and army; that its reform of industry consisted of an expropriation of the tin mines that has ruined the nation's primary source of wealth and foreign exchange; that the agrarian reform was a forced division of the land that led to the destruction of herds and the collapse of agricultural production; that wild inflation has ruined the middle class and driven down the real wages of the workers; that the nation has escaped total bankruptcy only by huge infusions of U.S. aid based on a political estimate parallel to Professor Alexander's.

"In such circumstances, Communism virtually has Bolivia at its command. Strictly speaking it is not *in power* . . . but it *has the key to power in its hands* . . . In the event of a conflict with the Soviet Union . . . it would be the Communist fifth column, trained in sabotage, which would give orders to the already armed and military organized miners."

Well, as our responsible citizen has so long been taught, every man is entitled to his opinion.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Adult-Education Boondoggle

A most valuable word has enriched the English language this past quarter of a century: boondoggle. My next several pages in this journal of opinion constitute the Boondoggle Series. My first educational boondoggle is Adult Education.

Not that I am against the education of adults. We do so wretched a job of educating children that we ought to look with sympathy upon every attempt to rescue persons of mature years from the slough of ignorance. The best form of adult education is book-reading, in solitude. Attendance at serious lectures and discussion-groups has its merits, too. But the boondoggle I have in mind is neither of these.

I am taking my cudgel to the "adult educational activities" paid for from public funds, and masquerading as a just charge upon state and local treasuries. This fraud—I shall describe its nature in a moment—is not peculiar to America. In Britain, after the Second World War, the Attlee Parliament passed an act requiring local authorities to furnish teachers to any group of adults who might desire to be taught anything: and I mean *anything*. In Fifeshire, which I know well, the villagers ordinarily chose basketweaving, ballroom dancing, and ceramics. The waste of funds was severe; the waste of decent teachers' time was worse, what with the acute shortage of teachers then caused by the raising of the Scottish school-leaving age; and the attitude of the adults was worst of all. More than one conscript teacher complained to me that the little knot of villagers didn't desire even to learn basketweaving or ballroom dancing, really: what they wanted was a public servant to bully: "We're the masters now."

But we Americans do our full share of this nominal educating. I have before me a bulletin entitled "Adult Education, North Shore Schools." The North Shore is the north shore of Long Island, still—though not so appropriately as once—called the Gold Coast. All the courses listed in this bulletin are paid for from public school funds, and almost none of them requires any fees from students enrolled. Classes are held in North Shore High School, Glen Head. Some thirty courses are available. The most popular of these, I am told, is "Securities and Investments"—for which, as a serious study, there is something to be said. But three private colleges in the vicinity offer just such a course. If adults cannot afford to pay the course-fee at a private college, what funds do they have available for "securities and investments"?

Charm at Taxpayers' Expense

Lest prospective adult students be discouraged by so grim a course-title as "Securities and Investments," let me hasten to add that most of the courses require no intellectual endeavor. You can take Slimnastics, or Slip Covers, or Arts & Crafts for a Leisure-Time Hobby, or Chair Caning, or Color Photography, or Sew and Save, or Hand-Hooked Rugs, or Senior Citizens, or Creative Writing, or Ceramics, or Piano Playing, or Physical Fitness for Men, or "Express Yourself," or Charm Course, or Russian without Tears, or Social Dancing. (Honest Injun, these are the names of the courses.) I am sorry to have to report that a few subject-matter courses have crept in: Russian History and Culture, Marine Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, American Literature.

Every delightful course has a delightful prospectus. Here is the Charm Course: "Taught by former Barbizon instructor. Make Up, Skin Care, Diet, Nail Care, Hair Care and Styling, Clothes Coordination, Posture, Figure Analysis, Grace & Poise, Diction, Spot Reducing. Materials charge: 50 cents per lesson."

Or Driver Education & Training: "This course consists of behind-the-wheel instruction in a dual-controlled car, plus six classroom sessions covering driving responsibilities and safety practices. . . ." All for adults.

Possibly you are fascinated by the course in Senior Citizens: "('Golden Ring'). Primarily for persons sixty years of age and older. Spend leisure time doing things, meeting friendly people. Activities include music, dancing, travel talks, lectures, arts and crafts, parties, reading, talking and just plain having a wonderful time." No fee, naturally. What we need is to educate the Total Adult.

This charitable expenditure of public funds is in aid of the underprivileged denizens of the Gold Coast, Long Island. The Board of Education seems to have money to burn for this sort of thing. It is very difficult to find any money for helping the famous Gifted Child, of course. If only the Gifted Child would content himself with Slimnastics!

Every man to his own humor, say Ben Jonson and your servant. For people who like Charm Course, Charm Course is the sort of thing they like. I have no impulse to set them, in the fullness of their years, to reading Virgil and Newman. But if I were a principal in charge of such an adult-education program, at least I would try to lead some of the middle-aged students toward the works of the mind. Not everyone is necessarily senile at forty, though this seems to be the assumption of the authorities at North Shore High School.

And why should you and I (yes, I *do* pay some New York State income tax) be expected to subsidize these amusements for those that fancy them? You and I might choose to spend our share of the adult-education bill in buying a book or two, or in going to a decent play. We'd be undemocratic, of course, and antisocial, and lacking in integration with the group. Probably we ought to be compulsorily enrolled in Senior Citizens, or Express Yourself. Still, though, in this imperfect, unplanned American economy, it *is* our money. This sort of thing gets under my skin. Hell, I can't Express Myself adequately in words. I'm just an Unreconstructed Adult.

Startling Estimate of Wilson

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Since the two major American political parties are houses of many mansions which provide bedroom space for just about every variety of philosophy, it may not seem anomalous that two of our highest-ranking Republicans have recently adopted Woodrow Wilson for their very own. A year or more ago Em Bowles Alsop edited a "collective biography" called *The Greatness of Woodrow Wilson* (Rinehart, $3.95) and who should provide an enthusiastic introduction but Republican President Dwight D. Eisenhower! More recently Herbert Hoover, who served under Wilson as Food Administrator in World War I, has set forth *The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson* (McGraw-Hill, $6.00) in terms which cast our World War I President in the role of a hero of Aristotelian tragedy. Hoover sees Wilson as a great and good man who failed because the fates found a way to exploit the chink in his armor.

The Eisenhower commendation of a symposium which presents Wilson all too uncritically is mere platitude: to Eisenhower, Wilson is important because he lives in history as an apostle of "world order" and a "lasting peace." Hoover's tribute to Wilson's life and character, though enigmatic at certain key points, is of an entirely different order. Indeed, the Hoover book amounts to a revaluation; as Hoover assembles his material, it becomes quite apparent that Wilson's true greatness is largely forgotten in a world which continues to revere him for the wrong things. Curiously enough, a two-volume biography of Wilson by Arthur Walworth—*Woodrow Wilson-I: American Prophet* and *Woodrow Wilson-II: World Prophet* (Longmans, $15.00, boxed)—bears Hoover out, though Mr. Walworth is quite unconscious of what he is doing in a work that is as enterprising and unconventional in its tracking down of detail as it is worshipful of the Wilson of orthodox legend.

Hoover served Wilson in an administrative capacity, as one of a remarkable group of "czars" (though they were not designated as such) who applied both finesse and force to the mobilization of American energies for World War I. Besides Hoover in the temporary "czardom" there was George Creel (he did the work of dispensing "war information" on a shoestring that would hardly have lasted Elmer Davis a month!); Edward N. Hurley (whose War Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation put two ships into operation for every one sunk by German submarines); Bernard Baruch (he kept vital minerals flowing to the factories); and Harry A. Garfield (the fuel administrator). The "czars" operated in the field of delegated authority—but the point is that Wilson knew how to delegate responsibility whenever there was non-political work to be done.

Hoover sees Wilson as a supremely great administrator—a radically new picture of Wilson to which Mr. Walworth contributes many telling strokes of his own. (One of the enlightening things about Mr. Walworth's biography is his detailing of the part played by Wilson in establishing the convoy system which helped beat back the German submarine threat.) The image of Wilson, the paragon of efficiency, hardly accords with the stereotype of the university professor in politics who, rather than "administer" a Palace Guard, wrote his own speeches and did his own secretarial work. This was not "administration" as we now know it. But come to think of it, maybe this was Wilson's truly efficient way of knowing what was going on in his own mind.

Triumph Number Two of Hoover's revaluation is his portrait of Wilson as a genius at what has since become known as psychological warfare. By the use of his pen and his vocal chords Wilson maneuvered the Germans and the Austrians into surrendering while their armies still occupied huge areas of territory belonging to their enemies. When one compares the meek 1918 German surrender with the year of fierce and pointless warfare that went on after the 1944 landing in Normandy, Wilson seems a supple magician who had it all over the Rooseveltian and Churchillian partisans of "unconditional surrender." Hoover, with a deft assembling of documents, shows us the psychological warrior in action, and it is an inspiriting picture.

It is rarely given to one man to be everything, as Mr. Hoover realizes. Where Wilson "failed," in Hoover's estimation, was as a practical negotiator for the substance of his dream, the League of Nations. This is a standard view of Wilson. Again and again, from Keynes on down, we have had the picture of Wilson, the innocent idealist who found himself unable to cope with the wiles of those devil-men of the cynical Old World, Clemenceau and Lloyd George.

Mr. Hoover gives us his own version of a standard story, but he does it without the ironical overtones of a John Maynard Keynes. Without calling into question Mr. Hoover's judgment of the personal tragic element in Wilson's failure at Paris (and, later, in his dealings with the U.S. Senate), I would insist that the failure was inherent not in Wilson's abilities or disabilities as a negoti-

ator but in the product he was trying to peddle.

The fact is that Wilson, though a great administrator and a fiercely imaginative psychological warrior, was a most shallow student of political science. He had taught the subject for years, at Wesleyan in Connecticut and at Princeton, and he was surely aware of the ideas and the scope of Princeton's own most eminent political philosopher, James Madison, who had good reason to distrust leagues. Yet Wilson, when he formulated the notion of a League of Nations, missed the whole point of the long agony of the American colonies under the Articles of Confederation. Moreover, it was as if he had never read the *Federalist* on the subject of the failure of every league in history that had ever been tried. Madison and Hamilton would have known what to expect of a "league"—and both as logicians and as students of practical politics they would either have held out for simple alliances or gone on to Clarence Streit's "Union Now."

When he is dealing with Wilson's League brainchild, Mr. Hoover rather reminds one of the Delphic Oracle. He thinks it a shame that Wilson should have lost his battle with Henry Cabot Lodge and the Bitter Enders in 1919 and 1920. Yet there was none of the Covenanter in Hoover's attitude toward the League. He seems to have regarded the League as a sort of alliance of the like-minded, a new version of the old Concert of Europe which had managed to keep most of the world at peace from 1815 to 1914. Hoover distrusted strong sanctions. It is quite apparent that he would have preferred a compromise between Wilson and the so-called "mild reservationists." In other words, Hoover would have taken the League as a symbol of continued collaboration between the victor democracies of World War I, but would not have regarded it as a substitute for national sovereignty. His own true opinion of the attempt to get decisions out of an organization to which no true power is delegated comes out when he remarks that Wilson would never have approved of the structure of the United Nations, which allows the Soviet dictatorship to make use of a "peace" organization to gain its own subversive ends.

Hoover pays a generous tribute to Wilson's part in establishing the "self-determination" of nations as a principle of peace. Says Mr. Hoover, revolutions creating "seventeen constitutional republics had swept over Europe" between Wilson's first promulgation of the Fourteen Points and his journey to Paris in 1919. The realist in Hoover, however, cannot resist quoting General Tasker Bliss' comment about "child-nations" which have "fangs and claws in their very cradles"—meaning, of course, the new central European states of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary. If Wilson had kept the *Federalist* in mind he would not have been deluded into thinking that a multiplication of small nationalisms with "fangs and claws" is the proper way to spread the gospel of the free individual. Amid the passions of the hour it would probably have been impossible in 1919 to create a federation in central Europe which would have respected the individual rights of Czechs, Poles, Hungarians, Austrians and Slovaks. But "self-determination" was not enough, as the "child-nations" discovered when Hitler and Stalin began to eat them one by one. ("Like an artichoke," as the description of the nineteen thirties had it.)

Now that the world—from Indonesia in the East to Tunisia in the West—is ripe for another orgy of artichoke eating (this time the man approaching the festive board is Khrushchev), it would seem to be time for a critical revaluation of the Wilsonian principles. On the one hand, "self-determination" isn't going to do the Javanese or the Tunisians much good if their leaders deliver them into a Polish type of satellization. On the other hand, the UN—the current "league of nations"—seems unable to keep Khrushchev out of Javanese or Tunisian internal politics. Maybe the Old Liberalism which would try to extend rights to Algerian Moslems within the orbit of a federalized French commonwealth has much to be said for it. One would like to know Mr. Hoover's opinion of the matter.

Fiction Chronicle

What Is a Good Novel?

ROBERT PHELPS

Originally published in 1891, Karl-Joris Huysmans' notorious *Là-Bas* was another of those books which seriously used the profane to extol the sacred, and exploited the scabrous to endorse sanctity. Baudelaire may be said to have invented the formula, and Huysmans is only one of a large number, from Oscar Wilde and Baron Corvo to Charles Williams and Jean Genet whose varied intentions have borrowed its possibilities. In his own way, even Cecil B. DeMille adapted it in his biblical epics, where much of the screen time shows the wholesale debauchery which the King of Kings or Moses will then redeem.

Là-Bas used a double plot. In the course of researches into the life of the infamous thirteenth-century satanist, Gilles de Rais, a young writer, Durtal, discovers that the Devil and the Black Mass are still actively flourishing in his own Paris of 1890. Thus Huysmans offered his public vivid details of not only medieval sodomy but contemporary succubi. The book was an enormous success from the moment it was serialized in the *Echo de Paris,* and Huysmans went on to its sequels, as well as his own haunted life, in its way more interesting than anything he wrote. When Albert Boni attempted to publish an English translation in 1924, he was forced to withdraw it, and it is this same version, by Keene Wallis, with a scholarly introduction by Huysmans' British biographer Robert Baldick, which has now been issued as *Down There: A Study in Satanism* (University Books, $5.00), so that after nearly seventy years this underground best-seller is making its first legal appearance in American bookstores.

Valéry's memoir of him noted that Huysmans lived in "more or less

avowed terror of magic and sorcery," and that although his natural distrust was active in every other quarter, he was inclined to be gullible where satanic matters were concerned. Further, Robert Baldick has established that not all of Huysmans' research into nineteenth-century *diablerie* was sound, and that his chief source of information was a crank-charlatan who was himself ill-informed. But even so, and especially if one is not very interested in the particulars of the Black Mass or Gilles de Rais' infanticides, Huysmans' book makes a dead serious challenge in its last pages, where he fiercely indicts the whole modern world for letting itself be so duped by the Devil:

"Satan is forgotten by the great majority. It was Father Ravignan who proved that the wiliest thing the Devil can do is to get the people to deny his existence." And of the children to come, brought up in a world without serious values, he forlornly predicts, "They will do as their fathers and mothers do now. They will stuff their guts and crowd out their souls through their alimentary canals."

AN EXTREME vision, of course. Yet isn't it true that the average novel we pick up today is as curiously empty of values as, say, the average Victorian novel was toadily goody-goody? I was struck by this as I read a number of early summer novels, of which *The Hard Blue Sky*, by a gifted young writer named Shirley Ann Grau (Knopf, $5.00), is a fair example. I say fair because Miss Grau *is* serious and talented. Her book is not just light fiction. It is plainly of a superior order in intention, and though it has no didactic intent, it does wish, like any good novel, to reveal something, and to do more than entertain.

Yet as its 400 pages pan slowly over a small fishermen's community on an island off the Louisiana coast, and a dozen or so of its inhabitants pass through an average summer of their lives, so little *is* revealed that I wondered if Huysmans' prophecy had been as extreme as I had thought. There are characters, locale, adequate action, undemanding prose. But when you have finished *The Hard Blue Sky*, you know nothing you have not known before. Nothing *serious* seems to be at stake. Good, evil, will, self-knowing, seem irrelevant and implicit nowhere. Life seems to be mostly a question of what goes out the alimentary canals.

I THINK I would have spent the whole week in this more or less peevish, priggish and unregaled state of readership, if a friend of mine had not sent me a book which, though published earlier this year, I have seen neither reviewed nor advertised. *Light in Silence*, by Claude Koch (Dodd, Mead, $3.50) is a novel which I read with something very much like joy; which has enabled me to take Huysmans with a grain of salt; and which I gratefully recommend to any reader who, for instance, has liked James Agee's *The Morning Watch*, or Caroline Gordon's *The Malefactors*, or Andrew Lytle's *The Velvet Horn*: a reader, that is, who can enjoy prose which will not let itself be skimmed, and a drama which originates at that innermost point where will, belief, grace, and "the love that moves the stars" all locate themselves.

But I don't mean to sound so hortatory. *Light in Silence* is about a lay brotherhood in upstate New York, and how a young *frère* questions his vocation, hears his call, and assents. It is about that terrible moment which a bullfighter calls *la alternativa*, when he becomes a matador, and when an expense of his own spirit responds to his life's call. This call need not be, as it is for the hero of *Light in Silence*, to the mendicant order of St. Bardolph. It can be to fatherhood, boat-building, surgery, acting. "There is only one experience, and we all live it. Layman, priest, or Brother—we all live it. The Passion, the Death, and the Resurrection. Each of us is a way Christ looks at His Passion, His Death, and His Resurrection . . ." When a man has found this out, and dedicated his time on the earth to giving himself back to his Creator by the best means he can ordain, then his life has become a serious matter. Then truly, *labore est orare*. And then, too, Huysmans' anxiety seems temporal and unimportant.

I hope this: that enough people will either buy or ask their librarians to buy *Light in Silence* to persuade its publishers that they have a serious, viable novel on their hands which they need not feel ashamed to advertise. I have already passed my own copy to a friend, asking him, when he is finished, to keep it moving. It is that kind of book, exactly.

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Economy without Miracle

B. S. YAMEY

THE MAIN outlines of the spectacular revival of Western Germany are well known. Despite the legacy of war and the effects of territorial dismemberment and of restrictions imposed by the Allies, Western Germany has succeeded within the space of about a decade in developing a vigorous and expanding internal economy and in taking an increasingly important place in the international economy. Since 1950 its international reserves have risen from about 250 million to 4,000 million dollars, real output per head has grown by about 60 per cent, and the volume of employment has expanded. Its economic performance becomes even more striking when compared with that of several other leading Western European economies, and is summed up in the international strength of the mark.

This is indeed a success story, and its principal author can justly be proud of it. Ludwig Erhard, Vice-Chancellor and Minister for Economic Affairs of the German Federal Republic, has been primarily responsible for introducing the economic policies which made revival possible, and for persisting with them at times when the currents were running adversely. *Prosperity through Competition* (Praeger, $5.00) is written by him, and in it the reader is aware of the pride of achievement and of the strong faith of Ludwig Erhard in the economic principles which inspired his policies and enabled him, amidst the welter of political pressures and the minutiae and confusion of day-to-day administration, to formulate and carry through a successful long-term economic strategy, the benefits of which have far transcended the narrowly economic field.

Yet though the book is permeated by the invigorating glow of a sense of personal triumph, which one would not deny the author, Erhard is nevertheless essentially modest. The success of the German economic recovery is not to be seen as the result of the miraculous activities of some super-planner or superman, determinedly getting things going with the use of the compulsive powers of the State.

On the contrary, the miracle of the recovery is not a miracle at all; and indeed the title of the German original of this book may be translated as "Economy without Miracle." For Erhard's policy has been to establish a free economic order by removing the *dirigiste* controls which had been imposed on the German economy for about fifteen years, and to enable a free market economy to work in the propitious environment of a relatively stable currency, the maintenance of which has been a principal function of Government economic policy. As Erhard puts it in his preface to the English edition: "The successful rehabilitation of my country must serve as clear documentary evidence to put

Ludwig Erhard

before the still vacillating and doubting peoples, of the fact that only by firmly rejecting socialist dogmas, of whatever complexion, and by affirming a free economic order can mounting prosperity and genuine security be achieved." He might have added that German experience also provides evidence that striking rates of economic growth and high levels of employment are compatible with a reasonably stable price level.

Thus for Erhard there has been no miracle, no intervention of a *deus ex machina:* an economic policy, compatible with freedom and in fact protecting and promoting freedom, has achieved what its proponents have always claimed for it. But one must be inclined to regard this explanation as rather too simple, though not because of any weakness of its major premise. Rather, it must remain something of a miracle that in the dire straits of the truncated German economy in the late 1940's, and given the contemporary fashions in politics and in intellectual thinking, the appropriate policy was nevertheless introduced and subsequently maintained, even though sometimes and in some directions not as fully as Erhard desired. For this "miracle" Erhard must be given much of the credit. Moreover, one has the suspicion that at least some part of the credit must be given to certain economically favorable human qualities with which the German people seem to be particularly generously endowed, and which have been generally recognized, ungrudgingly or grudgingly. But this does not affect the validity of Erhard's main thesis.

THE BOOK ranges widely, both over details of recent German economic history and over the implications of the economic order which Erhard regards as the ideal towards which the German economy should progress. There is much of interest on a wide range of topics. In an especially interesting chapter Erhard projects his views of economic policy and goals upon the international economic scene. In only one major field does the book fall down badly. This is in the discussion of wage policy and the position of trade unions in a free economic system. There is very little on these crucial issues, and what there is is not particularly helpful. Again, a short discussion on psychological factors in economic policy is weak, and what appears to be a high valuation placed by the author on a type of exhortation to producers, workers and consumers seems to fit in oddly with his basic attitudes and his belief in competition as an efficient coordinating and disciplinary mechanism.

Finally, the reader ought to be warned that in a sense he is an eavesdropper. Erhard explains that his book "makes no claim to be theoretically systematic, but is meant rather to give the *German people* some sort of account of progress so far" (italics added). To the foreigner, therefore, the discussion often seems irritatingly allusive, in places disjointed, and with the flow of the discussion interrupted by asides which

would be meaningful to German readers but which may puzzle others. Moreover, Vice-Chancellor Erhard is rendering account to his electorate; and while this makes for pungent writing in places, it sometimes is a bit jarring. But these are small disabilities. It is to be hoped, however, that this book will soon be followed by another which tells the same story with more detail in a more systematic way. It will almost certainly be less lively, but a valuable supplement to the present personal account.

Krebiozen—and Common Sense

ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M.D.

"THIS IS the day," said the Alchemist, "when I am to perfect for him that power of which he has talk'd as if posses'd." Such a prediction of the power of a potion is more rare today than in Ben Jonson's day. Mere proclamation is not enough; insulin, vitamins, sulfonamides, antibiotics and hormones—all these had to meet and overcome that skepticism without which we are disarmed by rhetoric alone. Such stubborn orthodoxy outrages Herbert Bailey, in *A Matter of Life or Death* (Putnam, $4.95).

With confusing chronology and carefully selected material he demonstrates only his unashamed assurance that Krebiozen is useful in treatment of cancer. Those who believe in Krebiozen are, he informs us, misunderstood or victimized by wicked conspirators. Above all others he admires Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, to him heroic as from a lower-case Homer or Aeschylus. The modern tragic hero is arrogant, disdainful of rules; these are for ordinary men. His is a conscious, not a foredestined *hybris*. Victim of neither fate nor ignorance, he tramples ancient barriers meant for charlatans.

Mr. Bailey is impatient of standards which govern not alone those many doctors of no particular fame, but also that brilliant few who must also remember Caesar's wife. This dogmatic, violent book will comfort those who scorn a reasonable reluctance to say "Hail" too quickly.

A more accurate book is *The Great Cancer Mystery* (Beacon, $3.50), by Dr. George D. Stoddard, President of the University of Illinois when Dr. Ivy accepted sponsorship of Krebiozen in America. After University committees reported adversely and Stoddard intervened, those in Ivy's league reacted as if God had been spelled with a small "g." Also recommended over Bailey is *Fads and Fallacies in the Name of Science*, by Martin Gardner (Dover, $1.50), a thoughtful study of scientific fanaticism. Mr. Bailey's book is useful, but only to show how emotional identification can poison what should have been impersonal investigation. This review includes material from all three books.

KREBIOZEN is the creation of Dr. Stevan Durovic, one of two almost unbelievable brothers. The other is Martin, merchant, lawyer, and chief of finance. They fled Yugoslavia to Italy, to Spain, reaching Argentina near the end of World War II. Stevan is said to have long brooded over a "cure" for cancer. First however, and perhaps for more practical and urgent reasons, he "created," from the blood of cattle, his miracle, Kositerin. We are told that with this material he cured 98 per cent of 600 cases of high blood pressure (at $1,250 each). He moved to the United States, brother Martin following, but American doctors could not confirm his claims for Kositerin. Unabashed, he announced Krebiozen, a treatment for cancer; miracle two.

Dr. Durovic met Dr. Ivy and exhibited to him a small amount, said to be two grams, of a whitish powder, saying he had extracted it from the blood of 3,000 horses. Later evidence suggested it might have been 20,000 horses. The situation neared farce when Stevan, for undisclosed reasons, mixed the entire world supply (two grams) of Krebiozen with mineral oil, dividing it into 200,000 ampules. There had been 300 gallons of mineral oil, enough for one million two hundred thousand doses, but he "spilled" the remainder down a sewer! A few ampules were sent to a chemist for analysis. This determined scientist ground together glass, labels, mucilage, ink, and the oil which may or may not have contained Krebiozen. His conclusions were indefinite and Dr. Ivy, bemused by oily disappearance of the powder, said the analysis had been "botched." His extended remarks, on this occasion, might have been more lively, though perhaps not suitable for a family journal.

Eighteen months after this introduction, Doctors Ivy and Durovic introduced Krebiozen to a selected group in a Chicago hotel. Included were doctors (who had respected Ivy), newspapermen (later accused of sensationalism), industrialists (some later called avaricious), and a few others. A brochure was distributed which described the effect of Krebiozen. Of twenty-two cases of "proven cancer," fourteen were said to be alive, two with "no evidence of cancer at present." Dr. Ivy was astounded by the explosive publicity which ensued. Whatever else could he have expected? If cancer is news, how shall we describe an announcement of a cure for cancer, even if that cure is only suggested? But Dr. Ivy knew that good research consists in work, study, experiment, check and recheck. Only then should results be published. Bad research is premature, ill-considered and uncontrolled, and gains nothing by being announced, like a new cosmetic, at a press conference. Ivy and Durovic had charged too quickly from the wings, shouting "Spot-LIGHT!"

There were friendly warnings from friends who feared that Dr. Ivy had been impetuous. He had, indeed. Week after week as many as 1,800 cancer patients begged for treatment. There were only 200,000 doses of Krebiozen in existence, for millions of patients, even if it had been of proven value. A few research groups were eventually allotted a small amount of the material for trial. When they reported, in effect, "worthless," Dr. Ivy believed himself the victim of personal, vindictive attack. In 1953 the State of Illinois moved in; but the legislative committee found no evidence of conspiracy. Recognized cancer authorities have failed to confirm Dr. Ivy's results. The Council on Drugs of the American Medical Association said in 1951, and again in 1957, that verified study failed

to show any discernible effects upon the tumors treated with Krebiozen, or to confirm the beneficial effects reported by Ivy and his associates.

So what is Krebiozen? Dr. Ivy believes it is a variety of starch; none has been released for approved examination. It remains a secret remedy, known but to Dr. Durovic, who may have allowed God some tiny hint. This unidentified, perhaps nonexistent material seems to be as yet unready for unquestioned approval. Doctors should not begin their study of a new drug by testing it in human beings. With Krebiozen, however, the preliminary animal experimentation was brief and inconclusive. It involved four dogs, one cat, and an unmentioned number of mice (which were not benefited). Good research (and bad) is published in scientific journals. Dr. Durovic had published no such material. He has no proven record of accomplishment in science.

Nine years ago the Durovics invaded Illinois and captured Dr. Ivy. Krebiozen is still secret, still unverified, still source material for badly written books. The *hybris* of Dr. Ivy infected Mr. Bailey, who denounces the medical profession. They—not all fools—ask only that Krebiozen travel the uncompromising gauntlet of study, analysis, test and retest required of *all* medical treatment. Dr. Ivy cannot excuse his failure (nor can Mr. Bailey excuse it for Dr. Ivy) to use simple, ordinary and common sense. For common sense tells us that only when Krebiozen has been properly and honestly proven may Dr. Durovic (and brother Martin) collect their reward. Only then may Dr. Ivy expect (and will undoubtedly receive) forgiveness of those honorable friends and saddened colleagues he abandoned for an adventure with an itinerant promoter.

Mr. Bailey stands exposed by his preposterous gullibility. He chose to indict an ancient and honorable profession, where dishonesty and chicanery are perhaps no more common than among those who write books. He should be ashamed. To him this reviewer can only say, as did Archy to the vain firefly: "Little bug, you have been flashing your lightning around here for two hours, but I haven't heard one single, solitary clap of thunder."

A Man in a Muddle

DAVID N. ROWE

Mr. Chester Bowles, former Governor of Connecticut and U.S. Ambassador to India and Nepal, is currently in the running for the Democratic nomination for Senator in Connecticut. He was once rumored to be Stevenson's favorite for Secretary of State in 1956. Thus his new book, *Ideas, People and Peace* (Harper, $2.50 cloth, 95¢ paper), takes on a special meaning. To this reviewer it seems a rather thinly disguised political tract, centering upon foreign policy matters and pleading throughout for a change in our national "leadership."

The principal emphasis is on "the peoples of the underdeveloped continents whose destinies are increasingly related to our own," but the treatment covers numerous other more or less related matters. Mr. Bowles asserts that "in the last few years" (since 1952, no doubt), our foreign policies have failed to earn us "the respect and understanding of the people of the world," have failed to provide us with an "impregnable military defense," and have thus failed to make progress toward a "just and lasting peace." He urges at some length the importance of winning respect and understanding from other nations.

His recommendations as to India give a good clue to his approach. He urges a "closer political and economic understanding between democratic India and America with a sensitive regard for Indian attitudes. . . ." In fact, one-sided sensitivity to the feelings of others, in contrast to those of our own people, seems to characterize this author. He seldom if ever cites as obstacle to rapprochement the unreasoning attitudes of some of our potential friends.

On how to create "an impregnable military defense" for this country he is extremely vague. In a two-page chapter entitled "The Vital Need for Military Balance," he urges us to catch up to the Soviet Union in armaments, for which he says "the cost will be heavy." But most of this chapter emphasizes the need for progressive *disarmament* if and when the USSR decides to make "dramatic moves" in this direction. Approximately half the chapter is devoted to discussing the economic impact of such military retrenchment upon the United States, and he suggests "liberal federal allotments for capital construction" as the best way in which to take up the anticipated economic slack.

At one point Mr. Bowles lists five "well-established" areas of public agreement in this country on foreign policy matters, which, he says, can provide "a firm base for the creating and administration of foreign policy." But, as one might expect, these areas of agreement are all included among those upon which the Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy has rested. Accordingly, Mr. Bowles shifts his attention to something rather more controversial, the sources of public leadership in these matters. Here, naturally, he is for CHANGE.

Despite his predominantly superficial approach, Mr. Bowles does not lack some positive and detailed foreign policy recommendations. In one chapter a little more than two pages long, he disposes of the problem of Taiwan, which he always calls by the incorrect name of "Formosa." Having stated that "Formosa" is a "nation," he proceeds to recommend that we urge the government of that nation to give up some more of its national territory, the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu, to the Chinese Communists. "We could then," he says, "propose in the United Nations [where that nation has a veto in the Security Council] that a plebiscite be held on Formosa to determine whether the people there prefer independence under their own government to absorption into the Chinese Communist political structure."

Eighty per cent of the people on Taiwan are, he says, "Formosans." Does he mean to deny that they are really Chinese? And if being "Formosans" means they are *not* really Chinese, why suggest that they might be absorbed into Communist China?

Since they *are* actually Chinese, why suggest that the Chinese government under which they live, and which the overwhelming mass of them loyally support, is not their own government? Mr. Bowles' approach to Taiwan is one which would have us treat it not as a "nation," but as a colony. His attitude toward Taiwan seems to be a blend of Mr. Nehru's extreme anti-Free-China attitude, together with something of a Brahmin superiority complex, plus some relics of British colonialist attitudes he might have picked up from his years as ambassador in India.

It is clearly implied in this book that any defense of the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu would be a "peripheral struggle, that confuses the main issue." Perhaps, however, if Taiwan is really a "nation" as Mr. Bowles says, the main issue, as with other small and free nations, is the preservation of its territorial and administrative integrity against any and all attacks. Mr. Bowles thus himself confuses the issue when he proposes that 1) we urge that nation to give up some of its territory to the Chinese Communists, and that 2) we urge the UN to attack its administrative integrity by holding a plebiscite to determine who should govern it: our ally the Republic of China, or the Chinese Communists.

To EXPOSE further the total confusion of Mr. Bowles' thinking here, let us suppose for a moment that the UN had taken his advice, and proposed a plebiscite on Taiwan. Before this plebiscite could be held, someone would have to overcome the armed resistance of the Republic of China and its well-trained and well-equipped troops to such an invasion of its sovereignty and administrative integrity. Would the U.S. do this to its ally? Or would some other UN member or members? If the latter, would not the U.S., under the terms of its military alliance with the Republic of China, be obliged to help defend it by force of arms? Or would Mr. Bowles have long since had that treaty rendered a mere "scrap of paper"? If so, is this the way he would hope to convince other free peoples that we are dependable, not to say moral or possessed of a "sensitive regard" for their attitudes and interests?

The author manages to crowd a great many other errors of fact and interpretation into the 151 pages of this volume. He fears, for instance, that "through a Communist-managed *coup d'état* or the death or serious illness of Chiang Kai-shek" a new government on Taiwan might negotiate Taiwan into Chinese Communist hands. He should be assured that no Communist-managed *coup* is possible. And he should know that under the Constitution of the Republic of China, in case of the death of the President, the Vice President will succeed to office, just as in our own country. Vice President Chen Cheng, who has recently been designated Vice Chairman of the Kuomintang also, is no man to lead Taiwan into the hands of any other people, including the Chinese Communists.

The American people, says Mr. Bowles, "ask only for leadership." This book convinces us that the present leadership of our foreign policy, whatever its faults, is better by far than some of the alternatives which press themselves upon the American public.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW, by Warren Miller (Little, Brown, $4.00). The veteran of a shot marriage, Lionel Aldridge returns to those benefits and disillusionments which go with demobilized freedom. Old ties come loose in Lionel's unregimented world, where love is free and human will is not. "Life uses us," explained Nicky, a fellow vet. "There is no villain, Lion. There is only life." Under this white sheet of capitulation, Lionel and his buddies retreat from one bed to another, taking cover from responsibility. Lionel mourns for sadness itself, a "tradition or an illusion. I've forgotten which." But so has the author, and regrettably his figures read more like statistics in a glorified Kinsey Report.

J. L. WEIL

GRASS ROOTS PRIVATE WELFARE, edited by Alfred de Grazia (New York University Press, $4.75). Struggling against the tide of collectivist "welfarism," conservatives have been delinquent in failing to stress the really heroic efforts of a dedicated brotherhood engaged in proving that economic freedom and human compassion are not opposites, but complementaries. These are America's private welfare workers, who—as this collection of essays well demonstrates — carry on a vast, unremitting campaign against suffering, poverty and social disorder. Editor de Grazia has compiled his volume from essays submitted in a national award contest designed to promote an increased interest in voluntary welfare activities. The Foundation for Voluntary Welfare, which sponsored the competition, is filling a vitally important role, as it seeks to strengthen the private sector of welfare activity and to prevent further government usurpation of the welfare function.

C. LOGAN

LETTERS OF THE BROWNINGS TO GEORGE BARRETT, edited by Paul Landis with the assistance of Ronald E. Freeman (Illinois, $6.50). Interest in the poetry of both Robert and Elizabeth Browning has, as their present editor admits, "faded," and at the same time, interest in their personalities has continued to grow. This is not surprising, of course: poets usually love non-poets, and there is no other instance in literary annals of two writers so successfully sustaining their emotional regard for each other. These fifty-eight new letters, by both of them to Elizabeth's brother, are chatty and familial—though even what should have been the most moving of them, Robert's description of Elizabeth's death, is oddly tame. This is probably due to the same fault which lies at the heart of Robert Browning's whole poetic *oeuvre*: his terror of true self-revelation. For a poet to have this fear is normal. But if, like Browning, he is too afraid, then he is liable to leave only his willed, conscious identity in his words, and not the involuntary truth his Creator gave it to him to reveal.

R. PHELPS

To the Editor

Which "European Power"?

The review by M. Stanton Evans of Dr. Edward Rozek's book, *Allied Wartime Diplomacy: A Pattern in Poland* [June 7], is one for which I am indeed grateful, as it brings—and most forcefully—to my attention an outstanding book that I otherwise might have missed.

Mr. Evans fails to mention (though Dr. Rozek may have) that the British guarantee to Poland, of August 25, 1939, contained a secret "Protocol." The text of the "Agreement" contained the guarantee of armed support from Britain if Poland "should . . . become engaged in hostilities with a European Power in consequence of aggression by the latter [Art. 1]." Article 1 of the Protocol—kept secret until April, 1945—stated: "a) By the expression 'a European Power' employed in the Agreement is to be understood Germany.

"b) In the event of action within the meaning of Articles 1 . . . of the Agreement by a European Power other than Germany, the Contracting Parties will consult together on measures to be taken in common."

The quotation is from the official text of the agreement, published in 1945, together with the Protocol, by H.M.S.O., London. The document number is CMD 6616.

If I seem to be belaboring this point, it is because I am convinced that a majority of your readership is unaware of the existence of so momentous a qualification to the historic British guarantee to Poland—in effect guaranteeing Poland's independence and territorial integrity against attack by Germany, but not Russia.

New York City ABRAHAM GLICKSMAN

The Family Farm Goes Down

Whittaker Chambers on the family farm and federal control [May 31] is a beautifully written piece. I know all about it. I tried to operate such a farm—an old family establishment, which my father had run for fifty years as a paying concern—until the mid-war years, when I couldn't get the gasoline to get there. I had a farmer who was not only incompetent but a crook. I finally sold the place at a third of its value, *through a federal agency* that was agin me from the start . . .

But my one experience with federal aid came one day when I happened to be there. An enormous truck drove in, heaped high with sacks of something. The driver told me that this was grass-growing fertilizer for my meadow—a gift from Uncle Sam. I pointed out my rich meadow, inadequately cropped by my 36 cows, and said I didn't want it. The truck driver said that unless I let him back into the barn with it and unload it, he would dump it right out there in my lane. . . . My crooked farmer begged me to let the fellow put it in the barn. The stinker knew he could sell the stuff somewhere. And I didn't want it in the lane. So into the barn it went—at the taxpayer's expense.

So I read Chambers with feeling. . . .

Bernardsville, N.J. HEPTISAX

Publicity for the Left Wing

Your journal has given the clearest estimate of the performances of such individuals as Linus Pauling, Cyrus Eaton, *et al.* That they have every right to express their views is understandable, but when the facilities for the dissemination of their opinions are practically unlimited and outstrip those accorded spokesmen for the other side it is time to ask ourselves some serious questions about channels of communication—press, radio and TV. Publicity-wise Dr. Pauling was deflated when challenged by a panel of topnotch reporters, but like Mr. Eaton he survived many sessions of one-man interviews when . . . no serious effort was made to ascertain the facts by cross-examination and disclosure of the individual's record of past and present left-wing associations.

New York City WILLIAM M. TRAINER

No Exception to the Rule

As a member of the Exchange Club of Grosse Pointe, I noted with chagrin if not surprise, the black-bordered editorial headed "San Marino—100 Percentile" [June 7].

I had already observed a somewhat similar attitude among local Exchangites and business and professional men generally. In fairness I believe Exchange is less affected than the numerous "International" service clubs.

Detroit, Mich. GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN

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